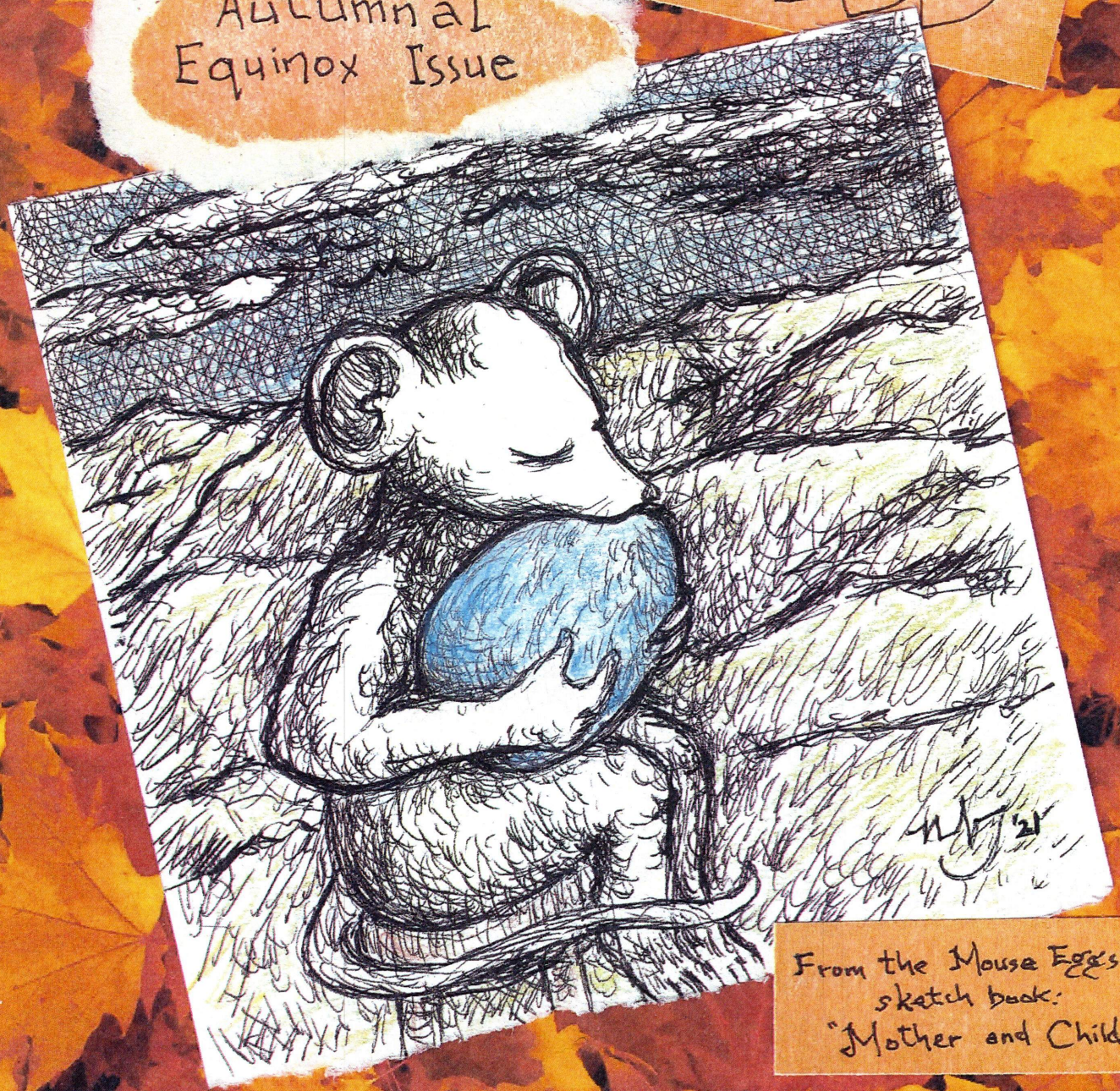
4 Dozen Mouse Eggs

est. 1975

3rd Series

Autumnal Equinox Issue



From the Mouse Eggs sketch book:
"Mother and Child"

7/11

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Gillian Sze

METAPHORS

a virgin tipping the scales

half of the pie uneaten

the puck, the drop, and the scramble

a canoe slicing the stretch of lake

the proverbial glass fallen over

a ringing alarm set six months before

the profile of a face polarized

a caterpillar lounging on a leaf's midrib

the lion crouching as the hunter crouches lower

a book opened to its deepest pages

the song's bridge upon which we cross once more

a road trip into Ontario at eve—all east, all dark from here.

Karl Jirgens

SHUFTI

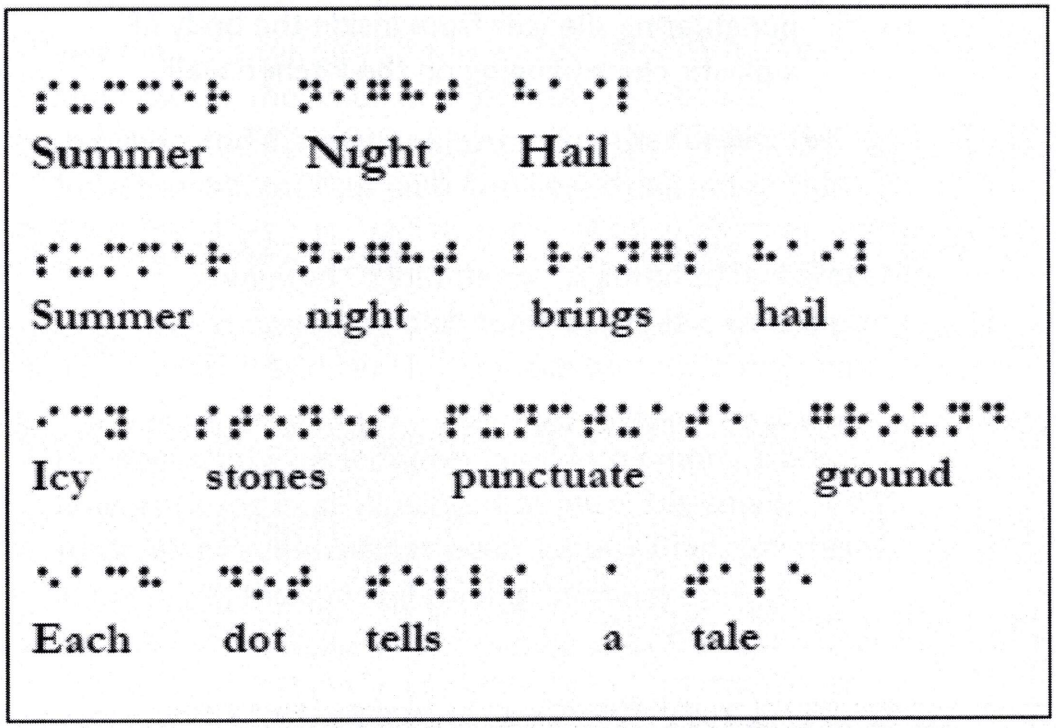
A mirror catches my eye,
I glimpse it walking by,
pretending to ignore what
it says,
noting that it's needless to say,
that too much
has already been said,
or left unsaid.

Sometimes, I'm unsure if I'd rather
not see, not hear, utterances
from that reflection,
but who am I to say?

Karl Jirgens

SUMMER NIGHT HAIL
Braille Haiku

Summer night brings hail
Icy stones punctuate ground
Each dot tells a tale



soft plains of snow that appeared at the break of day
overnight, snow that arrived silently: I knew it fell
when the night became too eerily silent-

I knew something was buried under the blanket
of winter, something had gone to sleep in the arms
of the elements and closed the quiet eyes that open
only in spring with the dogwood blooms. What

I discovered in the heat of afternoon unsuspecting
going about my staggering day, finding refuge in the
market:
what is hidden and pushed away will someday out

in a form I did not recognize: can this be me? *can this*
be me, lost in my own heart, in broad daylight? alone
and in love among the city throngs, the noises, the voices?

Kristjana Gunnars

FORK IN THE ROAD

It was raining hard the day I left you.
Rain doesn't fall
here as much any more, not the way it used to, pouring,
drenching-
now it just drizzles in between fierce strokes of sun.

I left you and walked the city streets, umbrella
opened, hearing the pounding over my head,
skyscrapers looming
with a thousand windows to the fields

and the grey sky hanging like a thick fog,
the black buildings and cars raging past in anger
and the wind peeling at corners of things, fighting

for my umbrella, my coat.
I listened to your clear, deep
voice in the inundated afternoon, your stories

at the four-way intersection and the traffic lights
and pelting drops and cold wind:
I was not
prepared for this, I was taken by surprise again, I was

counting the street numbers as they went up, crossing
at crosswalks, unprepared for the wild wind
raging through Holland Park, flapping the street

signs, crashing the doors to the electrical room,
making me small again in a vast city map that spreads
like a cobweb in all directions,
a web glinting with drops

and the humming, roaring of a weekday afternoon-

when I left you seated there in your chair, still,
your direct,
blazing gaze following me silently the way a spider

would in its narrative, woven overnight, all night long.

Ken Norris

SLOWNESS

How bodies, manoeuvring, melt into moonlight,
or, after a rain, drops of warm rainwater
drip from the eaves. Or golden honey travels,
a bird builds a nest with twigs, spittle and precision,
or, after long delay, a long parabolic circling,
pleasure comes in for a slow, smooth landing.

The way Stefani takes small steps
across a yellow room, her hips swaying,
and a new dawn comes to the island,
darkness and stars turning incrementally to pale blue,
while, in the stout trees, mangos
are steadily coming to fruition.

In the eyes staring
out into the blue forever,
in the hazy, difficult place
where the sky meets the languorous sea—

clouds gather for months
in the run-up to rainy season,
floating in white isolation until,
little by little, day by accumulating day,
their army forms, and they begin
their slow march across sky and sea
to establish their wet assault
upon the grimy cities, the dusty plains,
the hungry, twisting jungles of an ancient Asia.

The static nature of rice,
growing daily in the sweltering sunlight
and the driving late afternoon rains,
bananas born in their clusters
and durian being born,
the steady road they all walk
to ripeness, readiness,
and time for a harvest.

As gears grind in exhausted traffic
and nothing moves, cars, buses, trucks
caught in amber, this moment on the road
when lifeblood stops flowing,
or spills in accidents, or stalls as engines
boil over in the three P.M. haze,
and the temperament of a people
notches up but one degree.

In an anonymous room somewhere
the foreign artist applies words to page,
paint to canvas, in a space
that is silent and subdued,
in a place that is far from bells
that toll the hour.

White pillows and spread sheets wait to impress.
Sumptuous beds where bodies will come to rest,
and names will be said or unsaid, pleasures given
and taken. Clothes will be shed while hours
are put upon the shelf, time itself
almost entirely forgotten or neglected,
in the vast, ordered space
of eight rooms of slowness.

Ken Norris

ADDRESS

As if time didn't exist,
as if books didn't speak,
as if sweating rivers
didn't wash clean
the decaying wooden villages they pass through.

As if ashes from the pyres
weren't rising to the sky,
as if vacated bodies
floating down sacred rivers
weren't being greeted and consumed
by crocodiles.

As if density were a value,
green a feeling, dogs
an aspiration, the slow-burning incense
wafting from the shrines.

The enchained world is infinitely green.
And sunlight attacks it like a swarm of bees.
All the eyes see everything that's happening—
look away in shyness, look away in terror—
the heart becomes invisible,
and one is lost forever in the opulence of rice fields.

As if the ox, struck,
didn't fall to its knees,
and hunger didn't fall like rain.

In the temples
the orange-robed monks are chanting,
in the mountains
the purple-robed girl is carrying water
back up the thousand steps
to her family's leaning hut
there above Pokhara.

As if colour didn't conceal,
as if love didn't conspire,
as if snakes didn't shed
their intricate skins.

As if stone weren't malleable,
as if tenderness wasn't limited,
as if compassion easily resided
in the branches of a tree.

As if illness were a paradox,
and suffering a simple dream
forgotten upon awakening,
as if to exist were, in fact, to be free.

TRANSLATION

She couldn't say.

Not in English.
And it was eating away at her.

The endless complications of the Thai heart,
how it all runs deep and diversifies,
the colorations of every emotion,
the sniff at the neck,
the deep inhalation of essence.

She pressed my hand
to her naked breast
and made me feel
the rapidity of her heartbeat.

For weeks I watched her go mad
with inarticulation, though every night
her body climbed the ladder of my spine.

Block out a space and then fill it
with what you'll never know,
the hidden language
she was carrying deep inside her.
She ran up against a wall of unsaying,
panicked, and left my life forever.

Leaving me to live
in the troubled landscape of translation.

Geoffrey Young

A MUSE, A TUESDAY

When the old black kettle sings
Love's steamiest licks
I think of you and you alone
Get me started on the road home.

Whoever draped those pearls
Around your neck understands
Vermeer better than I do.
Looking up at the dark of night

My wig is blown by inter-stellar winds
Like bent notes issued from a Hohner harp.
Your voice comes to me that way, as if
From variably bright Sirius.

I'll never leave town without your myth
And the simple things you say.

Geoffrey Young

NOW EMPTY PALE BLUE

Is there anything more abstract
than the figurative movement of clouds
at dusk, if not two cats
seated on the grass missing nothing?

Crows caw in the hemlocks,
a neighbor bounces a ball, the Rose
of Sharon flowers preen below vast murals
of cloud vapor transforming the sky

into huge paw prints, burial mounds
& gossamer towers. Time's job is to pass unseen
until at last the sky empties.
Its airy clusters dissolve in the east

leaving only the wild fluctuations of chimney
swifts darting in a now empty pale blue sky.

Geoffrey Young

QUIEN SABES?

At seventy-seven I feel
as if I'm edging toward the moon
on a hawk's salary,
riding the self's quotidian

boxcar over shaky bridges,
snaking through the dumb
and empty west,
thirsting for a home

long gone already,
my pitchfork poking holes
in Ravel's noodles, this
idiosyncratic "me," my fate

on notice, my Zoot suit more army
issue than bop drape.

Geoffrey Young

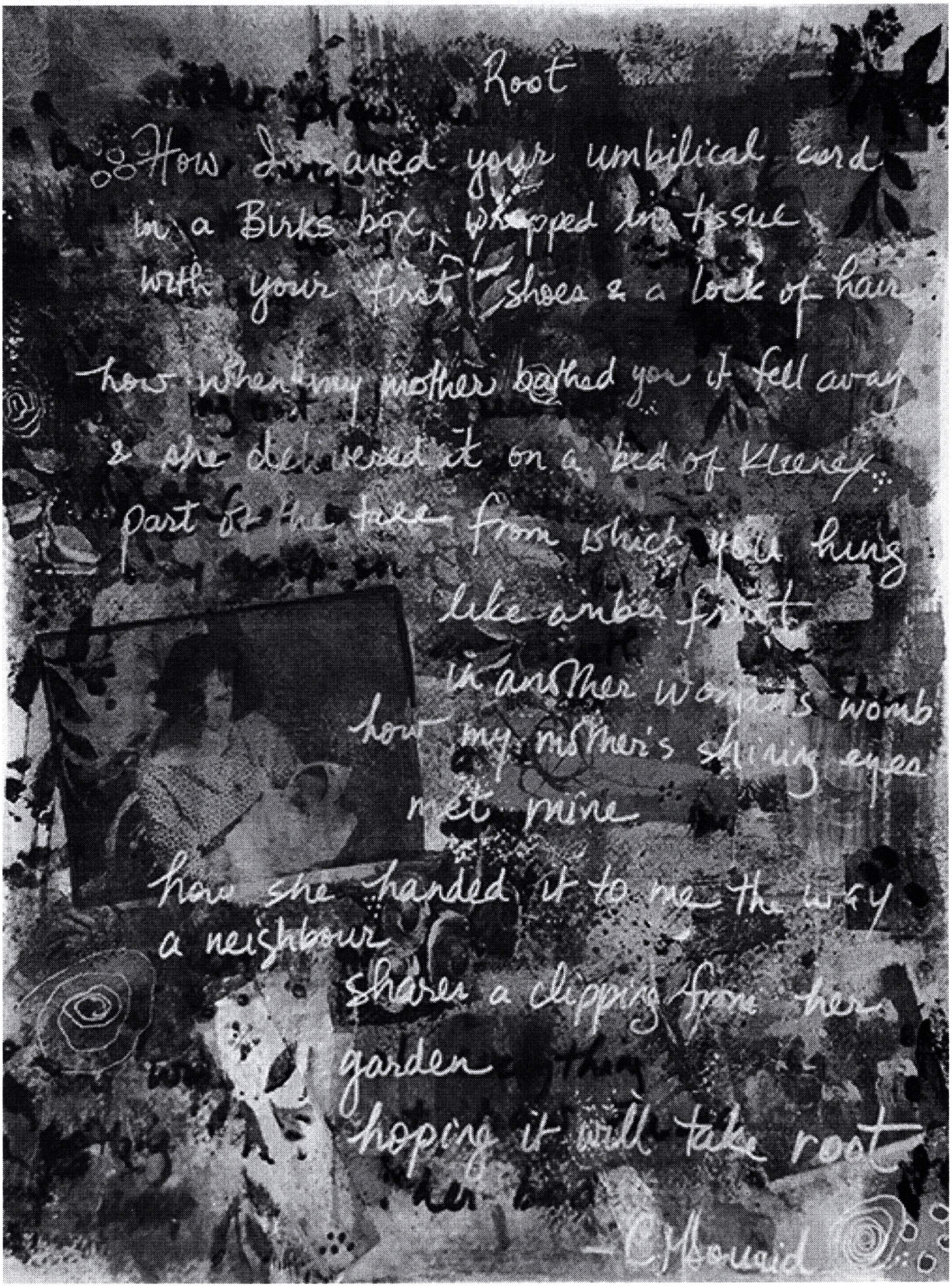
RESCUE

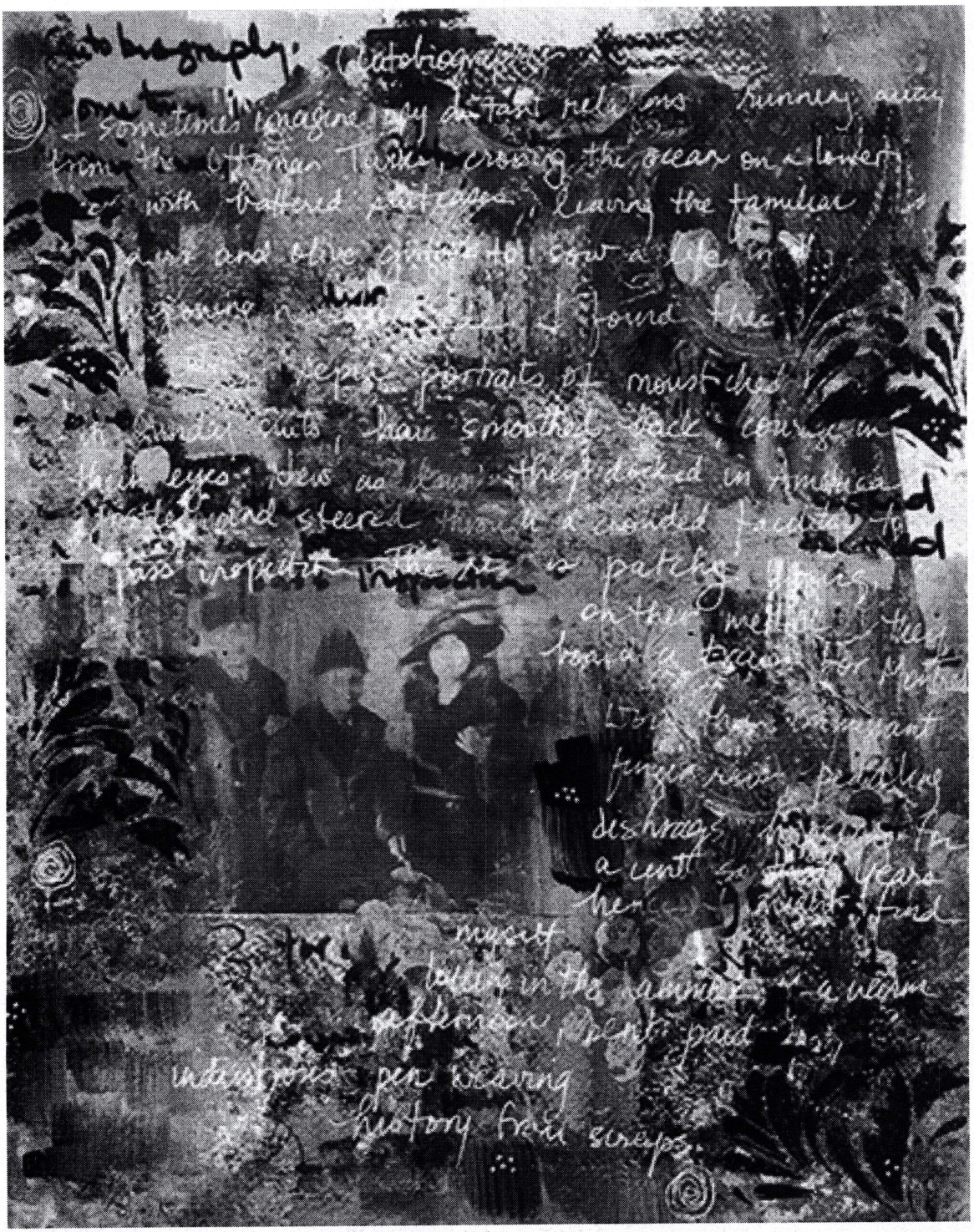
The fuschia of personality, the day-lily of event
The convivial feast, the beast of sex,
The fortuitous juxtaposition, the impious glance
The tan backs of masked swimmers snorkeling in coves

The fry-pan melting butter
The self-loathing that is self-love
The traveling on assignment
The morbid fear of reproach

The women on roadsides walking dogs
The acres of olive groves in Spain
Swift sketches from a high-speed train window
The hiker's hat on backwards

The eyes looking inward
The vernacular at your beck and call


Root
How I saved your umbilical cord
in a Birks box, wrapped in tissue
with your first shoes & a lock of hair
how when my mother bathed you it fell away
& she discovered it on a bed of kleenex
part of the cord from which you hung
like amber fruit
in another woman's womb
how my mother's shining eyes
met mine
how she handed it to me the way
a neighbour
shares a clipping from their
garden
hoping it will take root
— Mowaid


Auto biography
Autobiography
I sometimes imagine my distant relations running away
from the Ottoman Turks, crossing the ocean on a lowerty
with tattered sail cloth, leaving the familiar
and alive and
portraits of mustached
eyes
pass
on their
dashings
a cent
mustache
pen wearing

Michael Fournier

ORPHEUS

Whose song moved stones
and trees to dance

put out his eyes for love
that seeing might not vanish her,

but vision of her filled
his mind, flared there,

and was gone, had become

an irrevocable absence
in which lay a body

whose contours mere touch
can bring to no notion

of time that had passed,
of what one had loved.

Michael Fournier

POEM FOR JOHN CHEEVER

You turn into a street
Where a man screams at pigeons
flying into fragmentary sky,

so you don't take that turn, but go
into an alley where another screams,
this one at a closed mailbox,
the sky above now seamless blue.

You continue through, and the alley opens
onto a sprawl of lawn you take days
to cross, thirsting under constant noon.

At the end of that lawn is a white picket gate,
through which you pass, marching smartly
up a flagstone walkway to the door
of a stucco house, and using the key

in your hatband, you open this door.
You go to the living room, kick off your shoes,
mix a rocks vodka martini, and wait.

Michael Fournier

ROUNDHAY GARDEN SCENE

14 October 1888

Unless so directed, people will not walk
in gardens as these four walk.
And these have been so directed.

In ten days the old lady will die
(the first motion-picture actress
to do so). The other woman's young,

well-dressed, and doesn't
quite yet know what to do with her hands,
finding them, as she does, at the ends

of her arms. And the old man
moves about, as if
resisting direction, but

with a will to match that
of the lad marching in quest of something,
perhaps, that was lost.

They look away from the box,
for all of two seconds
and are gone.

Tom Konyves

KEN NORRIS

A TRANSLATION OF FRANK O'HARA

STEPS

How funny you used to be New York
like Gene Wilder in *The Producers*
and the St. Mark's Church was always
rocking with poetry

Here today in Maine I have just slow-
crawled out of bed
early on Veteran's Day, a rolled towel
wrapped around my neck to cradle it from
stiffness,
it's still early morning November dark, but I
think
the blue sky will put in an appearance
When I was young and living in Manhattan
all I wanted was my bed in my fourteenth
floor apartment
and you in it,
the late night traffic roaring by
on Amsterdam Avenue below, heading
noisily uptown.
On Spring days I'd wander the cluttered
streets in a crowd
and not be concerned about anything other
than what the day might provide—
now Autumn crowds me
with its fallen leaves and blue despair.

I was just there a few weeks ago
taking in the music, taking in the air.
New York, tell me,
where is Taylor Swift—
she's just getting home to her condo
after a night of drinking and dancing with
friends,
and Woody Allen's on a shoot,
some people are out early, walking their
dogs

TOM KONYVES

AN ERASURE POEM FOR KEN NORRIS

Because Time is not always "on our side"; the sands often bury a noun here, an adjective and a verb there, until it's impossible to tell what happened or did not happen.

PS

the Church
crawled out of bed
wrapped
the blue sky
and you in it
with its fallen leaves and blue despair

on Amsterdam Avenue
on Spring days
now Autumn

New York, tell me
Central Park's
slowly filling up
the Kansas City
champagne
and in a sense
we're all still alive
fuck

uptown
calculations

Oh God
get into bed

too much living there
and smoking

in their fall coats, and Central Park's
slowly filling up with runners getting ready
for a morning jog
before they head off to work—
why not
the Kansas City Royals shower in
champagne because they won
and in a sense we're all winning
we're all still alive.

In those times when we were young
your apartment was on West 10th Street
and I lived on West 86th
We'd drink downtown and mostly fuck
uptown,
money for a taxi always part of my
not-so-innocent calculations
when we were having an evening out.
We'd drink at the White Horse and then
depart
not that we needed liquor (we just liked it)

And you're still living there in New York
on West End Avenue,
having moved uptown with your husband
after several years in Brooklyn,
and though I'm so far north
I can never get back to you,
the compass of my heart
still always points to where you are,
my true north, my true heading,
and certainly a part of me
has always stayed behind with you.

Oh god it was wonderful
to be young
and get into bed with you
after drinking too much Jack Daniels
and smoking just a bit of weed
and then loving you so much

Claudia Lapp

LOCAL GRAVESTONES

1
Morning walks to the Pioneer cemetery
never grow old. Early settlers and
soldiers from civil and world wars
rest on plots shaded by stately firs,
some markers grandiose, or so worn
their names can't be read, others quaint
like Minnie, Vernon, Ernest and Adelaide.

I always stop by the obelisk for

J T Walton Sr.
9/12/1812 – 10/25/1896

Crossed the plains
with ox team
1849

2

Near the School of Music,
flashing streaks of light
draw me to a recent gravestone.
Surprise! Two small pinwheels
generate silvery slivers,
a waterwheel effect,
someone's brilliance recalled.

Placed by loving hands:
two miniature trucks, a pooh bear
and crested plastic dinosaurs.
Any day a spirit might stop
by the granite stone which reads
WE LOVE YOU!
Samuel E Davis
April 2, 1990 – October 2, 1993

3

Dear Samuel,
You were born and gone
before the century turned;
sixteen years until I noticed
your grave.

See how many walk here now on
a July day, some bent over phones,
others in singlets race past markers
of those who run no more.

Gnats swarm in late sun, continuity
sensed by elders who welcome inflow
of new blood yet hold memories of
those who've gone beyond like you,
only yesterday.

So I write to you, Samuel,
my eyes caught and you conjured
by silver pinwheels turning.

COME OUT OF THE HOUSE

They will say you are on the wrong road
if it is your own.
~ Antonio Porchia

Before the house burns down,
open your eyes to the rain and the owl.
In the plaza a soldier is smoking—
the elm puts on new leaves.

My daddy doesn't want me to be
any artist, not even a rancher
like him. His sweat goes to deadbeats,
like the cattle and the songs.

I still have that part of me fire
transformed. Is it wrong
for a man to cry
at three in the afternoon?

Poet, don't you know
fire makes you young,
gives you something real
to fear?

In my pocket, I carry the jawbone of an ass.
I learn virtue
planting myself among the delphinium.

Poet, feel the flames at your fleet—
feel this ground, like water in the earth.

Spring is demolishing the dead.
Wrapping myself in the sun's ribbons,
I am learning to be young, delirious
among the ruins at three in the afternoon.

Why do you keep fighting, poet
—sharing pain and joy in difficult times—
is it the ashes collecting on your teeth?

Why are so few born
at three in the afternoon? Why do I die?
Are words bitter seed or fierce anemone,
weapons or prayers?

Poet, what is your favorite color of kite?
Why are words never what they seem,
falling eyes, rising mouths, charging bulls or smoke?

Will you remain on the earth
or flee like a lost river, an archaeologist chasing
the stars?

A SUMMER PRAYER

With the evening mist, I settle on a blackened
and blasted boulder
at the confluence. The river's psalm incants
the flesh of the spirit, the dance
of the extinct. Dust of acorns
survives in bedrock holes
with the dying thunder,
with the last breath.

I plunge into a bitter pool
of the north fork,
pulse quickens—a single thought
escapes like trout.
Blood departs the arms and the legs
for the heart. Inner tides release
uncertainty to the extremities,
longing that flares out of reach.

The river choreographs how I change,
how I abide
when the current takes me.
In the dusk, I stroke hard toward the bank
and rise like an icy moon
along the forgotten path.

THE LIVES OF THE CHILDREN

The cloud is free only to go with the wind.
The rain is free only in falling.
~ Wendell Berry

Born to lightning,
we reaped love and warp,
returned to the empty lot, to the advent
of democracy. We dug a fortress,
burrowed under an orange tree,
exposed the roots and inhaled the incense
of worm. Our lives hid among ghosts,
took shelter with dirty magazines
tied by a string and buried.

Pigeons scatter. Children flee
the cupola and their wings,
bearing *mea culpas* on their backs.
In street and meadow, mountain and tower,
they climb the ladder of heaven
never again to be warrior or angel.

One caught valley fever, another returned
to the womb and drowned,
others let go because
they'd had enough,
too much misery or bliss, others
were lost in the marshes of Vietnam,
or at the end of a defibrillated neighborhood.

Separate, apart, each of the other—
we are a single attraction,
a resistance, a theft,
a map of plunder in relief.

With the fullness of our arms,
we join the exiled and the wind.

Afraid to look, may we seek,
dark angel, the favor of your eyes?

FUNERAL ON GYPSY ROW

Pale-wailing faces of autumn birds.
bitterness, seduced from violin strings, caress.
on your coffin, on stretched crucifixes of eyes,
blazes an unpluckable black flower: your memory.
why did you start this sad dance with the night?
from the death of your heart, the bone-thin woman
bursts a river of tears. our howls congeal
on your eternal couch, the murderous wind
stabs your still body with the rain.

Translation of Károly Bari's poem from *Forgotten Fires, 1973.*
Károly Bari is a Roma-Hungarian poet born in Bükkaranos, Hungary in 1952.
With thanks to Katalin Kürtösi, Ken Norris, William O'Daly.

GREAT ART EXPLAINED

Untitled

Rothko

It helps to be dressed
in the dark colours of the world
and listen to Mozart's Requiem in D minor

to paint those blocks of depression,
to remove life from the canvas
and leave pools of red to swim in,

to feather strokes across it,
and watch drips of death.

You left behind a darkness
through which flames flicker.

I turn off the music,
hold my palms to the fire
to warm them before I start to write.

September 18, 2021

Marc Nerenberg

SOMETIME AROUND 2 AM

Sometime around 2 am I'm told,
You could smell him, powerfully,
In our bedroom on the second floor,
Though he was, no doubt,
On the ground somewhere,
Behind the house.

We don't know
Where he comes from;
And we don't know
How often he comes around.
Our bedroom windows are usually kept shut tight.

But our air conditioner is on the fritz,
And it was hot out last night,
Thus our windows were thrown open wide
So we could breathe the cool breeze
That flowed in through them.

Last night's breeze carried an unwelcome gift,
Though I, myself, was quite unaware at the time,
Being wrapped in the arms of Morpheus,
Sweet, sweet Morpheus!

He used to live in the expansive space
Underneath the solarium
That stands on stilts behind our house,
Until we had it sealed off with steel mesh,
Creating a large cage, kept locked, at all times,
To keep him out.

Oh,
Did you think I meant Morpheus?
Sweet, sweet Morpheus?
Oh no.
He is quite free to come and go
As he pleases.

I rather meant: the sweet little skunk.

Me and ME (Mouse Eggs): a Booster Shot

Tom Konyves

Thank you rob mclennan for providing the second dose to keep the Mouse Eggs phenomenon alive (the first dose was manufactured last year by Endre Farkas who resuscitated a dormant mouse – the Phoenix Rising Issue.) A phenomenon it was, make no mistake. If there was any doubt that poetry was alive and well in the late '70s Montreal, the dozen or so issues of this rat mag whose initials screamed "ME!" (I Am Poetry!) put that to rest.

I am breathless flipping through the pages (clicking through the screens)

Mouse Eggs was, simultaneously, an open and closed magazine. As such, it was a metaphor for many poetry-related truths: here the ego, there the id; above all, it became autonomous, a being-in and unto itself, a character of its own (its outward appearance accurately rendered on each cover by Marc Nerenberg).
Like Tristram Shandy, Mouse Eggs described its own birth – in the first issue, five of the 7 Vehicule Poets wrote a short quixotic poem, titled TCAKA (Tom, Claudia, Andre (Endre), Ken, Artie). This was the tzimtzum, a kabbalistic term for contraction, (in order to allow for a "conceptual space" in which finite and seemingly independent realms could exist. Mouse Eggs became that conceptual space.)

The next step of the "conception" was the first assignment: each poet would submit a poem on the theme of "8 ½ by 11", the frame of the poem. Interestingly, it was Artie Gold's "Poem on an 8&½ by 11" that described the generation of TCAKA, how we five 'passed around this notebook of Claudia's...' and how Artie got bored and, after the second round, wrote 'the end/ last line by Artie!' How he would always want to have the last word and what that said about him and us. (At poetry readings, the order of readers usually leads to the final poet, considered the most popular, sometimes the "featured" if not the best. It was the position most desired.)

Here too probably for the first time, he's wrestling with the notion of a group that would have its apotheosis in his writing the introduction to John McAuley's 1979 anthology, The Vehicule Poets (it was the necessary and sufficient condition for the publication). So here he is, 4 years earlier, with 'what we were doing, being apart, yes, but being apart-together.' Then there is a big space, a long moment. He adds, 'Is the business of the individual to each who is among a group, separately rise above it, yes, let us tower, conjoin our separate erections of the spirit, making an unbreakable parable in 5 by 1...' but by that point he had lost it, he realized he was being thrown back upon the originating idea of 8 ½ by 11 which had now emerged as 5 by 1. The parable was broken.

And so, in that first issue, there are 5 poems with that title in the same order as the original TCAKA poem (which closes the issue). Again, Artie got the last word, "After me... the absolute deluge... (actual end) ."
Ken Norris sensed the spiritual significance of the moment:

"In the beginning was the Verb
and the Verb was
Active"

What followed was "outrageous" writing, the more outrageous the better.

Issue after issue, a self-reflexive reference bled purple from its noxious pages. Ken wrote a poem that was not by me, I wrote a poem by (the one...and only...) DITTO. Let the machine speak for itself.

Issue after issue, testaments to this city's beating heart: "Dante's Inferno is selling at Cheap Thrills for 49¢." I marked the events of note in 1977: "What was dada in "The Dada Show"? Nothing. What was not dada? Dada." It was a word to separate, like Quebec from Canada, poems from poems, poets from poets. It was what was going on in Montreal at the time.

Our gallery, Vehicule Art, was what was going on in Montreal at the time. As in poetry at Vehicule, Sundays at 2. Or the press, Vehicule Press, that published our first books. Or performance at Vehicule, tonight 8 pm. Or, in my case, video at Vehicule, grab a portapak and become a visual/video poet. Or take a poem and put it on the buses. A thousand buses. Access to the means of production, that was Vehicule.

Some people didn't like it. Those fucking Vehicule Poets. What did we stand for that was so out of favour, out of flavour? Louis Dudek knew there was more to us than being wild. (Check out "A Real Good Goosin': Talking Poetics with the Vehicule Poets" on vehiculepoets.com) As for Peter Van Toorn's separation of (our) messies from (their) neats, it was an attempt to quell a rebellion that had turned against a stifling convention that privileged praise and harmony in verse. While we revelled in the ironic, we rebelled against the academic. Everything was on the table:

Though the dawn
slips in
like a kiss/
perhaps
We need less
des-
criptive poetry

Artie Gold

That we didn't mind being identified as the "other" couldn't have been very satisfying to them; a beautiful butterfly had landed on our shoulder, not theirs.

We had only to name it 8 ½ by 11 and it became a space for a poem. The aesthetic qualities were almost guaranteed – as sure as eggs is eggs – no one was expecting THIS. It was unfamiliar territory and we wanted it to stay that way.

DITTO.

Tom Konyves, August 5, 2021

rob mclennan's blog

ROB MCLENNAN'S BLOG

author page : including bibliography, links + extended bio.

Saturday, June 12, 2021

Mouse Eggs (1976-81): an interview with Ken Norris and Endre Farkas, and (incomplete) bibliography,

this interview was conducted over email from December 2020 to May 2021 as part of a project to document literary publishing, see my bibliography-in-progress of Ottawa literary publications, past and present here

Ken Norris was born in New York City in 1951. He came to Canada in the early 1970s, to escape Nixon-era America and to pursue his graduate education. He completed an M.A. at Concordia University and a Ph.D. in Canadian Literature at McGill University. He became a Canadian citizen in 1985. For thirty-three years he taught Canadian Literature and Creative Writing at the University of Maine. He currently resides in Toronto.

Endre Farkas was born in Hungary. His family escaped during the 1956 Hungarian uprising, and settled in Montreal. He has collaborated with dancers, musicians, actors, and the other Vehicule Poets. He has published two novels, eleven books of poetry and two plays. His work has been translated into French, Spanish, Italian, Hungarian and Slovenian. He has read and performed widely in Canada, the United States, Latin America, and Europe, and has created performance pieces that have toured across the country and abroad.

He has also translated the poetry of Bari Karoly.

His book *How To* was nominated for the A.M. Klein poetry award in 1983. He is the two-time winner of the CBC radio Poetry "Face Off" Competition.

His collaborative book and videopoem with Carolyn Marie Souaid, *Blood is Blood*, was the winner of Zebra's International Poetry Film Festival (Berlin) in 2012.

His two novels *Never, Again* and *Home Game* were published by Signature Editions in 2016 & 2019 respectively. *Home Game* was shortlisted for the Hugh MacLennan prize for Fiction. He is a proud non-card carrying member of the Vehicule Poets and *Mouse Eggs*.

Q: How did *Mouse Eggs* first begin?

Ken Norris: Great question. I don't remember. Maybe Artie [Gold]. Artie had a sign, didn't he? A sign in his study about Mouse Eggs?

Endre Farkas: Ken, being the Vehicule historian, is probably the best person to answer this. I think Artie suggested the title. I think it was our prolific time and our looking to publish what we wrote *toute suite*. The sacredness of the immediacy. And in keeping with the Vehicule spirit of "if you want it done, then do it." I don't think it was a conscious decision but it was the Vehicule Poets' house organ. Invitation was by mimeo. Serious little mags were popping up all over the country (I think) but not "playful" ones. Maybe *TISH* was our predecessor? (at least in name). And we had the "means of production." Ken, correct me (he will) if I'm wrong.

KN: Artie had a sign, and he had a guy to draw the covers: Marc Nerenberg.

I was a Ph.D. student at McGill, and I had access to a ditto machine, and stencils. Endre had access to a ditto machine and stencils at John Abbott.

The Vehicule Poets were all talking to one another before we were the Vehicule Poets. We were all running magazines. But we wanted to do something that was instant and immediate. That was *Mouse Eggs*. Circulate the stencils this week and run it off next week. There were no editors. Everybody who was given stencils self-edited. Everybody also typed up their own

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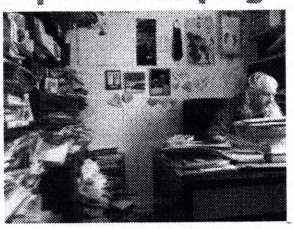

upcoming events!

rob mclennan participates in the Future Horizons conference, May 28-29, 2020 (DELAYED UNTIL SUMMER/FALL) (Hamilton ON);
the ottawa small press book fair, spring 2020 edition: June 27, 2020 (Ottawa ON
rob's (ongoing) editing service: poetry manuscript evaluation;

other rob links

rob's author page on facebook
rob's Electronic Poetry Center page: NEWLY UPDATED!
Interview Editor at Queen Mob's Teahouse (2015-2020)
rob's Jacket2 'commentaries' (January-March 2015)
rob's extensive links page
rob's League of Canadian Poets page
Sentinal poetry November 2005 feature
rob's Ploughshares page
1998 Via Rail Great Canadian Literary Tour

blog archive

▼ 2021 (222)
- ► August (10)
- ► July (31)
- ▼ June (30)
  - Larissa Lai, Iron Goddess of Mercy: A Poem
  - Bren Simmers, If, When
  - 12 or 20 (second series) questions with Marc Herma...
  - Ian Dreiblatt, forget thee
  - £IbEl (2000): an interview with Andy Weaver, and b...
  - 12 or 20 (second series) questions with Matt Mitchell
  - the end of another school year: a stay-at-home story,
  - Margaret Christakos, Dear Birch,
  - 12 or 20 (second series) questions with Eleanor Ho...
  - Miranda Mellis, DEMYSTIFICATIONS
  - Pattie McCarthy, wifthing
  - 12 or 20 (second series) questions with David Wojc...
  - Jen Sookfong Lee, The Shadow List
  - Ongoing notes: mid-June, 2021: Dani Spinosa + Came...

stuff. Endre and I were the producers of the product. We ran the mimeograph machines and stapled the issues together. I think it was a run of 50 copies. Sold exclusively at The Word.

Was the Gallery the drop-off site for the stencils? I don't remember. Did we mail them in? Back when the postal service worked? Maybe.

Q: Endre: you mention *TISH*, but had you other models for *Mouse Eggs*? What else was going on around you in Montreal at that time? Had either of you seen copies of *TISH*, or had you only heard tell of it?

EF: We also put "Typos copyright of poets." No, we didn't mail them. At least I don't remember doing this though John (McAuley) & Stephen (Morrissey) might have. Yes, John was publishing *Maker* & Stephen *Montreal Journal of Poetics.*

I had heard of *TISH* (Canadian Poetry class with Michael Gnarowski, and George Bowering was in Montreal at the time, so I might have seen a copy or two. I'm sure Artie had copies. George was already connected with Artie.

KN: Artie had copies of *TISH*, and he would let me "examine" them in his study. I couldn't take them out of the room. So I'd seen *TISH*. And I THINK the Frank Davey edited reprint of *TISH 1-19* came out in 1975, around *Mouse Eggs* time.

Booster and Blaster had been a few years earlier, but I wasn't around for that. I was newly arrived in this incarnation.

Mouse Eggs wasn't like anything else in Montreal. We just wanted an outlet for work that was hot off the pen. I think the "holiday" themed issues came later.

Q: How were the first issues put together? Were you soliciting work, or did you put out a call? How was work gathered?

KN: I remember handing out ditto sheets to the Vehicule Poets, maybe down at the Gallery. I think everybody got two ditto sheets, two pages. To put whatever they wanted on their pages. So it definitely started with the 7 of us, and maybe 14 pages. So the work was self-selected, and then everyone could be surprised. Including the guy who was putting the issue together, me or Endre. I believe the fourth issue was done in concert with the Spring Poetry Marathon, and maybe that was the Second Annual Spring Poetry Marathon, held at Vehicule Gallery (the first one had been at Concordia). And everyone who participated was given a page. So that was our biggest issue, and our most inclusive issue. I believe Augie Kleinzahler has a poem in that issue, along with LOTS of other people. I remember it as being forty pages, and difficult to staple!!

Q: The *Vehicule Poets* anthology through John McAuley's Maker Press was published in 1979, not long after the initial run of the journal. How important was *mouse eggs* in helping the seven poets in the "Vehicule Poets" shape into an informal group?

KN: Good question. I believe there is a collaborative poem in the first issue of *Mouse Eggs* written by our seven. That's the first "collaborative act" of the group, and it gives birth to *Mouse Eggs*. So I see *Mouse Eggs* as THE central document of the Vehicule Poets. It's lighthearted, but it's also a serious collaborative act. It's the construction of the clubhouse. It's the unofficial official organ of the Vehicule Poets.

Q: Moving through the bibliography for *mouse eggs*, what strikes me is both the incredible pace with which new issues appear, as well as the geographic range of writers, which suggest that word was getting out about what it was you were doing. You've contemporaries from across North America appearing in the pages of *mouse eggs*, but no elder poets, whether Bowering or Blaser or Davey or even Louis Dudek, who was around the Vehicule vicinity. Was this deliberate, or was the journal really one of ongoing happenstance?

KN: Let's compare *Mouse Eggs* to *CrossCountry* for a minute.

In *CrossCountry* I was interested in getting ALL of the older poets in Canada and America into the pages of the magazine. Heavy-hitters and newcomers. I mean, I got a poem from F.R. Scott who was close to eighty at the time.

Mouse Eggs wasn't really a magazine. Every issue was a moment in time. It's Valentine's Day—let's go!! What have we got?

Who have we got? Here's the photograph of that moment; now let's move on to the next moment.

I agree--there was an incredible pace. I like what you said about "ongoing

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Mouse Eggs (1976-81): an interview with Ken Norris...
Muriel Leung, IMAGINE US, THE SWARM
12 or 20 (second series) questions with Lindsay Hu...
Andreae Callanan, the debt
Divya Victor, Curb
12 or 20 (second series) questions with Beth Kope
Cole Swensen, Art In Time
12 or 20 (second series) questions with Christy An...
Andrea Actis, Grey All Over
Moon Bo Young, Pillar of Books, trans. Hedgie Choi
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► 2012 (362)
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► 2009 (283)
► 2008 (237)
► 2007 (212)
► 2006 (203)
► 2005 (83)
► 2004 (46)
► 2003 (7)

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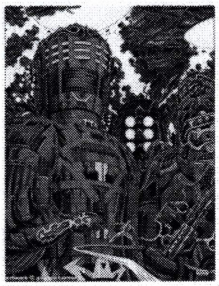


rob essays/reviews/

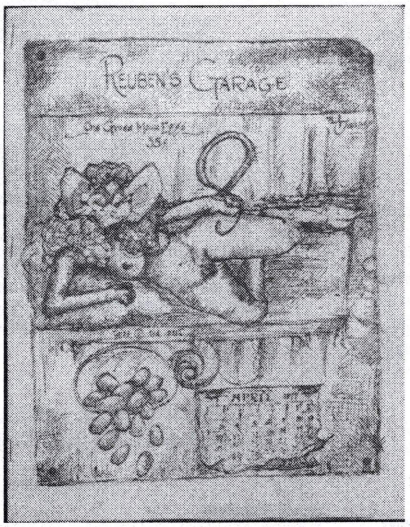
happenstance"—that is it exactly. I put poems in *Mouse Eggs* I would never try out anywhere else.

At McGill, Dudek was talking to me constantly about "permanence" in poetry. *Mouse Eggs* was as ephemeral as you could get. We were just leapfrogging from holiday to holiday, whim to whim. I tried my hand at writing a few forgeries. There's a Tom Konyves poem that wasn't written by Tom Konyves. There's a John McAuley poem that wasn't written by John McAuley.

CrossCountry was getting money from the National Endowment of the Arts and the Canada Council. Mouse Eggs wasn't getting money from ANYBODY. Endre was mimeographing issues at John Abbott and I was mimeographing issues at McGill. These days they would probably say that we were stealing paper. But things were looser then.

Louis probably would have been offended if I asked him for poems for *Mouse Eggs*. We weren't *The Tamarack Review*. We were maybe like *First Statement*, but without the John Sutherland editorials. There was no editor. There was no cohesive aesthetic. It was just meant to be fun. Poets having fun, as opposed to working on their careers. At that time none of us had a careerist bone in our bodies.

Q: Once the Vehicule Poets were formed as an informal group, what did that mean, exactly? Was this a way for the seven of you to distinguish yourselves from the other poets working in the city? Was it a marketing tool for readings? What did it mean to the group of you?



KN: In a way, the Vehicule Poets became aware of themselves by being denigrated by other folks in town who called them "those fucking Vehicule Poets." And what they meant were those poets who were running the Press and the Reading Series down at the Gallery. And it was, "Oh, they must be talking about us." And "Oh, they must be talking about the group of us." And the "us" was the three of us who were editing books for the Press: Endre, Artie, and I. And the "us" was the folks who were running the Reading Series, which was Claudia, Endre, Artie, John, Stephen, and Tom. So when people are talking about "the fucking Vehicule Poets" that must be who they are talking about.

So that's the way that we were aware of the fact that we were being talked about and being dismissed all together.

In late 1978, we called a meeting at Artie's house to discuss whether we all wanted to appear in an anthology together. Everybody showed up. Everybody talked about it for a couple of hours. And we decided that we DID all want to appear in an anthology together. So we applied the label "The Vehicule Poets" to the anthology, and it was published by John's Maker Press in 1979.

But *Mouse Eggs* started coming out in 1975, before we were ever officially "the Vehicule Poets." We were just a bunch of friends doing a mimeographed magazine together.

Once we were a group, what it meant was that, when Artie died, and they ran his obituary in the *Globe & Mail*, they called him Artie Gold, Vehicule Poet.

You should read my poem "Montreal, 1975," which is in *South China Sea*. I talk about what it was like for me to find the other six. I say that once we found one another we were "no longer alone / in the vast soup of being."

So there's THAT. And that, for me, was significant. I suddenly had friends. I suddenly had friends in poetry. I wasn't going to have to conduct "a career" on my own. We didn't THINK in careers then. Did we think "in marketing"? I don't think so. We were just stating the obvious—we were 7 poets who were hanging out with one another and collaborating with one another.

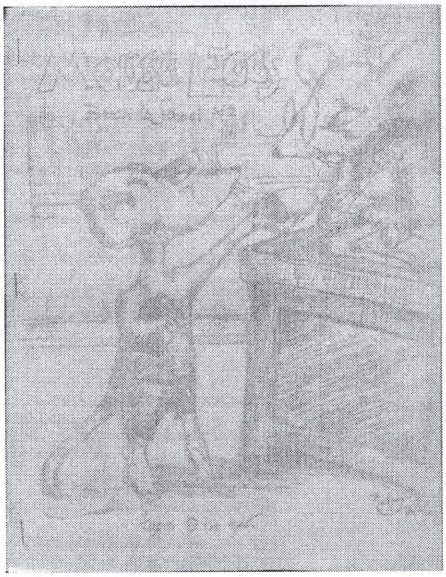
And one of the things we were collaborating on was *Mouse Eggs*.

EF: I don't remember ever consciously thinking about being a Vehicule Poet as a way to distinguish myself from others. Ken is right us being dubbed the Vehicule Poets was derogatory. I think Tom liked the label because it suggested motion, moving ahead. (Read "No Parking.") We didn't ever have a meeting about the name or writing a manifesto. Our manifesto, if you can consider it such, was our experimenting: Tom with his videopoetry, me with my collaboration with dance and music, Stephen in his work with a visual artist, John with concrete poetry, Ken in collaboration with Tom, John, Stephen and me. Claudia's "radical" work was eroticism and feminism. I thought and still do that Stephen Morrissey poem "regard as sacred the disorder of my mind" was as close as we got to a manifesto. I consider it our unofficial anthem.

Peter Van Toorn referred to the Vehicule Poets as "the messies" and to himself, Solway & Harris as "the neats." What he meant by "messy" was that that we didn't focus on craft and

articles

Joel W. Vaughan reviews Four Stories (Apostrophe Press, 2016) at Broken Pencil
Pearl Pirie on rob mclennan + mentorship : The League of Canadian Poets (September 2016)
Pearl Pirie on rob mclennan : Celebration of Canadian Poets, Brick Books (September 2016)
from the desk of rob mclennan, at Real Pants (May 2016
"Publishing Tips: On Attention," at The Malahat Review, January 2016
a review of my "a (short) history of I," by Elizabeth Kate Switaj at Poets' Quarterly
a review of my "wild horses"
a short write-up on the reading I did in November 2015 with David O'Meara and Brecken Hancock through the Ottawa Arts Council
reviewers on reviewing, for CWILA, November 2015
One More Thing, August 2015
Profile of Ben Ladouceur, with a few questions, at Open Book: Ontario, June 2015
Janet Nicol reviews Notes and Dispatches: Essays, at The Maple Tree Literary Supplement
article by Catherine Brunelle on rob's many online schemes, Apartment613
review of Why Poetry Sucks: An Anthology of Humorous Experimental Canadian Poetry (Insomniac Press, 2014) now up at Arc Poetry Magazine
review of Pearl Pirie's the pet radish, shrunken (BookThug, 2015) at The Small Press Book Review
review of Pattie McCarthy's x y z & & (Ahsahta, 2015) at The Small Press Book Review, March 2015
"World's End: Alta Vista," at Atticus Review, February 2015
Family Literacy Day, some recommendations, All Lit Up blog, January 2015
"On Writing" at Catina Noble's blog, January 2015
"Life Is Too Short For A Long Story," a new essay up at Numero Cinq, January 2015
rob mclennan: recommended reading, at Readerby (November 2014)
Brian Mihok reviews The Uncertainty Principle: stories, (Chaudiere Books, 2014) over at Rain Taxi
review of 70 Canadian Poets (Oxford, 2014), ed. Gary Geddes, at Cordite Poetry Review
review of Redell Olsen's Film Poems (Les Figues, 2014) at The Small Press Book Review
All Lit Up Fall Preview: rob mclennan anticipates Stan Dragland's The Bricoleur & His Sentences (Pedlar Press, 2014)
Ryan Pratt reviews "Acceptance Speech" (phafours, 2014) over at the ottawa poetry newsletter
Profile of The Rotary Dial, with a few questions, at Open Book: Ontario
Profile of Stuart Ross' Proper Tales Press, at Open Book: Ontario
Author's Note, at matchbook lit, September 2014
"Ottawa Lit: fall 2014 preview," at Open Book: Ontario
review of The Uncertainty Principle: stories, (2014) at Necessary Fiction
review of The Uncertainty Principle: stories, (2014) at Broken Pencil magazine
"rob mclennan on Elizabeth Smart," re-posted at Literary Mothers
review of Eric Baus' The Tranquilized Tongue (City Lights, 2014) at The Small Press Book Review
Profile of Jason Christie, at Open Book: Ontario
"(further) notes on the archive," at Open Book: Ontario
"On starting a new poetry journal: Touch the Donkey," at Open Book: Ontario
review of Lisa Jarnot's a princess magic presto spell (Solid Objects, 2014) at The Small Press Book Review
"John Newlove at 76," at Open Book: Ontario
Where Do You Write, My Lovely? (June 2014)
"Literary mothers: rob mclennan on Elizabeth Smart" at Open Book: Ontario (June 2014)
review of Pearl Pirie's Quebec Passages (2014) at The Small Press Book Review



form. It was a "fun" and "derogatory" term at the same time. I think he and the other "neats" were wrong. We were probably as, if not more, concerned with craft. We just weren't reproducing/manufacturing the old forms. We were interested in "making it new." And we were having fun. Serious fun. And *Mouse Eggs* was one the ways we were having it. And for me that was important.

Marketing? The closest I got to doing that was going to the Atwater and Jean Talon markets to buy fresh fruits and vegetables.

Q: What do you feel the journal accomplished, and what was behind the decision to end it? Did it simply run out of steam?

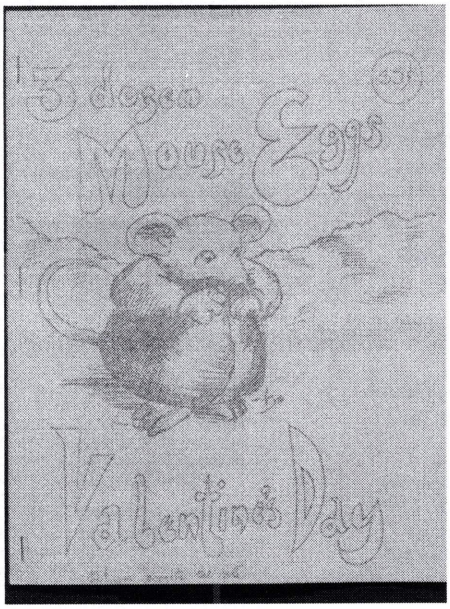
EF: I honestly don't remember.

KN: The first "series" of *Mouse Eggs* was twelve or thirteen issues in 1975 and 1976.

We came back to it for a "second series" in 1980 and 1981. I still don't remember how many issues were in the second series, but I am guessing that it was three or four.

We had a lot of fun doing *Mouse Eggs*. It was only produced in batches of 50 copies. We were mostly doing it for us. It wasn't going for any kind of cultural impact. We wanted to have fun, and fun was had. It was probably less fun to do the second series, which is why there were fewer issues. The second five years of the Vehicule Poets was less coherent and less energetic. We were still hanging out in twos and threes, not so much in sevens. Claudia left for the States, and I was in the South Seas a lot.

Mouse Eggs bibliography [incomplete]:



Mouse Eggs, one dozen. Poems by Ken Norris, Tom Konyves, Artie Gold, Stephen Morrissey, Jim Mele, Claudia Lapp, Peter Kaye and andre farkas.

Mouse Eggs, two dozen. "SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE--CHRISTMASS," 1976. Poems by Raymond Filip, Ken Norris, Artie Gold, Tom Konyves, s. morrissey and Patricia Walsh.

Mouse Eggs, three dozen. "Valentine's Day." Produced as Stephen Morrissey and Pat Walsh wedding announcement. Poems by John McAuley, Artie Gold, andre farkas, Harland Snodgrass, Ken Norris, TEEK (T. Konyves), Arnold Snardon and stephen morrissey.

Mouse Eggs, four dozen. _____. Produced to coincide with the Second Annual Spring Poetry Marathon. Poems by Mona Elaine Adilman, G.C. Ian Burgess, Muriel Byer, ritchie carson, Catherine Cole, Frances Davis, Donna Dimaulo, Raymond Filip, Gilbert Gelinas, Artie Gold, Bob Johnson, Gertrude Katz, T. Konyves, Helen Kosacky, claudia lapp, Carole H. Leckner, John Lehndorff, Orin Manitt, C.W. Marchant, John McAuley, Elizabeth Metcalfe, stephen morrissey, Dick Mundel, Ken Norris, Leslie Nutting, Inge (Mrs.M.) Packer, Edward palumbo, Robert Rayher, Elizabeth Richards, Allen Roth, Ray Shankman, Harland Snodgrass, Ari Snyder, richard sommer, Paul Walker and Pat Walsh.

Mouse Eggs, five dozen. Easter, 1976. Poems by John McAuley, Ken Norris, janet kask, Jim Mele, andre farkas, Jesus of Nazareth, Jr., Artie Gold and Geoff Young, Murphrie Roos, Jim Joyce and T. Konyves.

Aaron Daigle discusses How the alphabet was made, (2014) over at the Flat Singles Press blog
review of Cecily Nicholson's From the Poplars (Talonbooks, 2014) at The Small Press Book Review
review of Emily Kendal Frey's Sorrow Arrow (Octopus Books, 2014) at The Small Press Book Review
"Writing, fatherhood (fragments," at Open Book: Ontario (May 2014)
At the Desk: rob mclennan at Open Book: Ontario (April 2014)
review of Angela Carr's Here in There (BookThug, 2014) at The Small Press Book Review
review of Endi Bogue Hartigan's POOL [5 CHORUSES] (Omnidawn, 2014) at The Small Press Book Review
review of The Uncertainty Principle: stories, by Ryan Pratt, at the ottawa poetry newsletter
review of Anne-Marie Turza's The Quiet (Anansi, 2014) at The Small Press Book Review
Pearl Pirie discusses How the alphabet was made, (2014) over at her blog,
review of The Uncertainty Principle: stories, at The Small Press Book Review
WHAT IS YOUR FRAGMENT IV: rob mclennan responds
review of Sarah Gridley's Loom (Omnidawn, 2013) at Jacket2
Scott Gridley reviews Mother Firth's (2013) in Broken Pencil #62
"Writing Fatherhood, pt. 4," at Open Book: Ontario
Ryan Pratt reviews The Laurentian Book of Movement (2013) at the ottawa poetry newsletter
"Writing Fatherhood, pt. 3," at Open Book: Ontario
"Writing Fatherhood, pt. 2," at Open Book: Ontario
"Writing Fatherhood," at Open Book: Ontario
Gordon Bolling reviews missing persons (2009) at Canadian Literature, October 2013

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Alejandro Bustos discusses Songs for little sleep, and Mother Firth's, over at Apt 613,
John Lent reviews Songs for little sleep, over at Arc poetry magazine
review of Marie Annharte Baker's Indigena Awry (New Star, 2012) at Vallum magazine,
Ryan Pratt reviews my chapbook, Trace, (above/ground press, 2013) at the ottawa poetry newsletter
Introduction, "Stan Rogal's Brautiganesque," on The Toronto Review of Books
Alejandro Bustos profiles me for Apartment613, April 2013
Alejandro Bustos profiles my enormously clever blog for The Ottawa Blogging Library, April 2013
Some notes on Lisa Jarnot's 'Sea Lyrics,' at Jacket2
(brief) profile by Lucy Morrissey
Edric Mesmer reviews (among other things) my chapbook Sextet: six poems from Songs for little sleep, (above/ground) at Galatea Resurrects #19
review of Hoa Nguyen's As Long As Trees Last (Wave Books), at Galatea Resurrects

Mouse Eggs, six dozen. "Mouse Warnings," 1976. Poems by Susan Blaylock, guy birchard, Helen Kosacky, stephen morrissey, Patricia Walsh, G.C. Ian Burgess, Marquita Crevier, T. Konyves, claudia lapp, andre farkas, Ken Norris, Robert Galvin, Artie Gold,

Mouse Eggs, eight dozen. "Back to School," 1976. Poems by Mash, penny chalmers, T. Konyves, claudia lapp, Guy Birchard, ritchie carson, andre farkas, Artie Gold, Maurice Zerkon, Sean Seamus Wilmut, Jeffrey and Colin Morton, Henry Hershfelf, Michael Largo, Ken Norris and T. Konyves.

Mouse Eggs, nine dozen. "Trick or Treat," 1976. Poems by Hopeton Anderson & Guy Birchard, Jim Mele, S. Morrissey, John McAuley, Opal L. Nations, Ken Norris, T. Konyves and Barry Cornwall. "ENDGAME by Samuel Beckett, A Review," "Oct. 24, 1976. Powerhouse Gallery, St. Dominique" by T. Konyves.

Mouse eggs, ten dozen. "Christmouse issue," Poems by guy birchard, morrissey/Walsh, stephen morrissey, Artie Gold, Opal L. Nations, Ken Norris, T. Konyves, Tom Cornmash, andre farkas, Helen Kosacky, Bill Davis, James B. McGinniss, Carol E Cohen, Mike Breiner and Tinker Greene.

Mouse Eggs, eleven dozen. "The Tattooed Mouse," February 1977. Poems by T. Konyves, Opal L. Nations, Ken Norris, john maccawley, stephen morrissey, artie gold, August Kleinzahler and guy birchard.

Mouse Eggs, twelve dozen. "Reuben's Garage," April 1977. Poems by claudia lapp, Opal L. Nations, Stephen Morrissey, Tom Konyves, Andre Farkas, Ken Norris, Artie Gold and ritchie carson.

Mouse Eggs, thirteen dozen. "Baker's dozen," June 1977. Poems by Artie Gold, stephen morrissey, Ken Norris, Opal L. Nations, Ken Norris, T. KonYves and Andre Farkas.

Mouse Eggs, one dozen, Series B. "breaking through to the EIGHTIES," circa February/March 1980. Cover and back cover by Artie Gold. Poems by Stephen Morrissey, Ken Norris, Tom Konyves, Endre Farkas, Claudia Lapp and John McAuley.

Mouse Eggs, Second Gathering (Raiders of the Lost Mouse issue) 1981.

Posted by rob mclennan at 8:31 AM
Labels: Artie Gold, Claudia Lapp, Endre Farkas, interview, John McAuley, Ken Norris, mouse eggs, small press, Stephen Morrissey, Tom Konyves, Vehicule Press

review of Dorothea Lastky's Thunderbird (Wave Books), at Galatea Resurrects
review of Steven Ross Smith's Fluttertongue 5 (Turnstone Press) at Turntable + Blue Light, December 2012
a note on "Miss Canada," at Bywords.ca
Daily Offerings: a note on "Songs for little sleep," at Branta
Matthew Hall reviews A (short) history of l. (BuschekBooks, 2011) in Canadian Literature
Cameron Anstee reviews my chapbook/essay, The stone-boat heart: letters to Andrew Suknaski over at his blog,
shorthand: eleven short essays on fiction, at The Puritan
j/j hastain reviews Glengarry (Talonbooks) and C. (little red leaves) over at Turntable + Blue Light
Pearl Pirie responds to the Call and Response/SPAO end-of-project reading (June 2012)
Andrew Burke's article on collaboration in Southerly, that mentions myself + Christine McNair.
review of Jake Kennedy's Light & Char (Greenboathouse, 2010) at The Antigonish Review
Notes on Five Canadian small (micro) publishers for Cordite Poetry Review (May 2012)
review of Jamie Townsend's MATRYOSHKA (little red leaves) + Edward Smallfield's Equinox (Apogee) at Turntable + Blue Light,
review of my Glengarry (Talonbooks) with Andy Weaver's Gangson (NeWest) by Sean Braune in Canadian Literature
a short review/mention of a (short) history of l. (BuschekBooks) in the Halifax Chronicle Herald,
reviews of my grief notes: (BlazeVOX) and a compact of words (Salmon Publishing) by Rupert Loydell
review of my grief notes: (BlazeVOX) by Jordan Fry
Profile of The Emergency Response Unit, with questions at Open Book: Ontario
rob's "Top Eleven (Canadian) poetry books of 2011," on the Dusie blog
"Roy Kiyooka's 'Pacific Windows,'" on The Capilano Review blog
"collaborating with Lea Graham," on The Capilano Review blog
review of Elizabeth Robinson's Three Novels (Omnidawn) at Galatea Resurrects #17
review of Jake Kennedy's Apollinaire's Speech to the War Medic (BookThug) at Galatea Resurrects #17
rob recommends Dirty Semiotics by Jesse Patrick Ferguson (Broken Jaw Press, 2011) at the Advent Book Blog, December 20, 2011
Profile of Ottawa's Mother Tongue Books at Open Book: Ontario
On Richard Brautigan's Revenge of the Lawn: Stories 1962-1970 (1972) at We Who Are About To Die
Profile of Ottawa poet Pearl Pirie at Open Book: Ontario
Profile of Ottawa poet Sandra Ridley at Open Book: Ontario
"There was something about the body: Sylvia Legris," on The Capilano Review blog
Profile of the ottawa international writers festival + questions with director/co--founder Sean Wilson at Open Book: Ontario
Eileen R. Tabios on my work-in-progress "The Uncertainty Priniciple: stories."
Profile of Cameron Anstee's Apt. 9 Press at Open Book: Ontario
"Four Questions for Deborah Barnett, Someone," at Open Book Toronto
"Ottawa's Thriving Literary Scene," by Vera Grbic
"A second time around: a conversation between rob mclennan and Stephanie Bolster," on seventeen seconds: a journal of poetry + poetics
"Sainte-Adele: redux," Open Book Ontario
Mark McCawley reviews rob mclennan's chapbook "First you know, and then so ordinary," (above/ground, 2010)
A short interview with Michael Blouin, Open Book Toronto
Robert Kroetsch (June 26, 1927-June 21, 2011), at Branta
"Call and response: a note on Phil Hall, and 52 flowers (or, a perth edge)" at Maple Tree Literary Supplement
"an old poem embedded in thoughts on the ottawa river" at Open Book Ontario
review of Ken Belford's Decompositions (Talonbooks)

BIOGRAPHIES

Endre Farkas, poet/playwright/author was born in Hungary. He is a genre fluid writer who has published two novels, eleven books of poetry and two plays. His work has been translated into French, Spanish, Italian, and Slovenian. He has read and performed widely in Canada, the United States, Latin America, and Europe, and has created performance pieces that have toured across the country and abroad. His collaborative book and video poem *Blood is Blood* was the winner of Zebra's International Poetry Film Festival (Berlin) 2012. His novel *Home Game* was shortlisted for the Mavis Gallant Prize for Fiction in 2020.

Michael Fournier was conceived during the last days of the Kennedy administration and hasn't been the same since. His poems have appeared here and there over the years and he is the author of two chapbooks. He is currently Associate Professor and Chair of Faculty in English at Georgia Gwinnett College.

Kristjana Gunnars is a poet and painter. Some of her publications are *At Home in the Mountains,* 2020. *Silence of the Country*, 2002. *Night Train to Nykøbing*, 1998. *Exiles Among You*, 1996.*The Substance of Forgetting*. 1992. *Carnival of Longing,* 1989. *The Prowler,* 1989.

Karl Jirgens, Prof. Emeritus, former English Dept. Head and former Chair of the Creative Writing Program (U Windsor), author of two books of fiction and two scholarly books (Coach House, Mercury, and ECW Presses), edited two books (on painter Jack Bush, and poet Christopher Dewdney), plus, an issue of Open Letter magazine with Beatriz Hausner. His scholarly and creative works are published globally. Jirgens edited/published Rampike, an international journal of art, writing, and theory (1979-2016) now digitally archived (free) c/o U Windsor: (https://scholar.uwindsor.ca/rampike/about.html). His short-fiction book, *The Razor's Edge* is due spring of 2022 (Porcupine's Quill; https://porcupinesquill.ca//bookinfo6.php?index=369).

Tom Konyves was born in Budapest, based in Montreal until 1983, Tom Konyves is one of the original seven poets dubbed The Vehicule Poets; his work is distinguished by Dadaist/Surrealist/experimental writings, performance works and videopoems. In 1978, he coined the term 'videopoetry' to describe his multimedia work and is considered to be one of the original pioneers of the form.He has published 6 books of poetry, most recently *Perfect Answers to Silent Questions*, by Ekstasis Editions, Victoria, BC. In 2007, he published a novella, *OOSOOM* (Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind) with BookThug, Toronto.

Claudia Lapp was born in Germany in 1946, Claudia earned a BA from Bennington College in 1968 and moved to Montreal the same year. She pursued graduate courses at McGill and taught at John Abbott College English Department, which led to publishing as one of the Vehicule poets. Since returning to the States, Claudia has been a teacher in writing and arts communities. She has lived in Eugene Oregon since 1991. Has given readings in Vancouver BC and Montreal, including in 2004, for Cabaret Vehicule performance at Place-des-Arts.Recent publications include *BUCH,* 2013, *Color Quartet*, 2018, and *pan/de/mik/* 2020, an anthology of pandemic poems, 2021.

Marc Nerenberg has been the principal contributing cover artist for Mouse Eggs since the earliest days of the magazine. Originally his covers were simple line drawings, drawn with ballpoint pen directly on the mimeograph stencils from which they were printed. Later he graduated to using the more sophisticated Gestetner technology that allowed him to use more elaborate scanned pen and ink drawings printed with mechanized silkscreen. Now, in the digital age, he can make and digitally distribute even more elaborate pen and ink/coloured pencil drawings that only take about 10 times as long as to produce as the original simple mimeographed covers, for which he pines, nostalgically. Taking advantage of the new Mouse Eggs digital format, he has now also been contributing videos to our on-line edition that marry his banjo playing with his words.

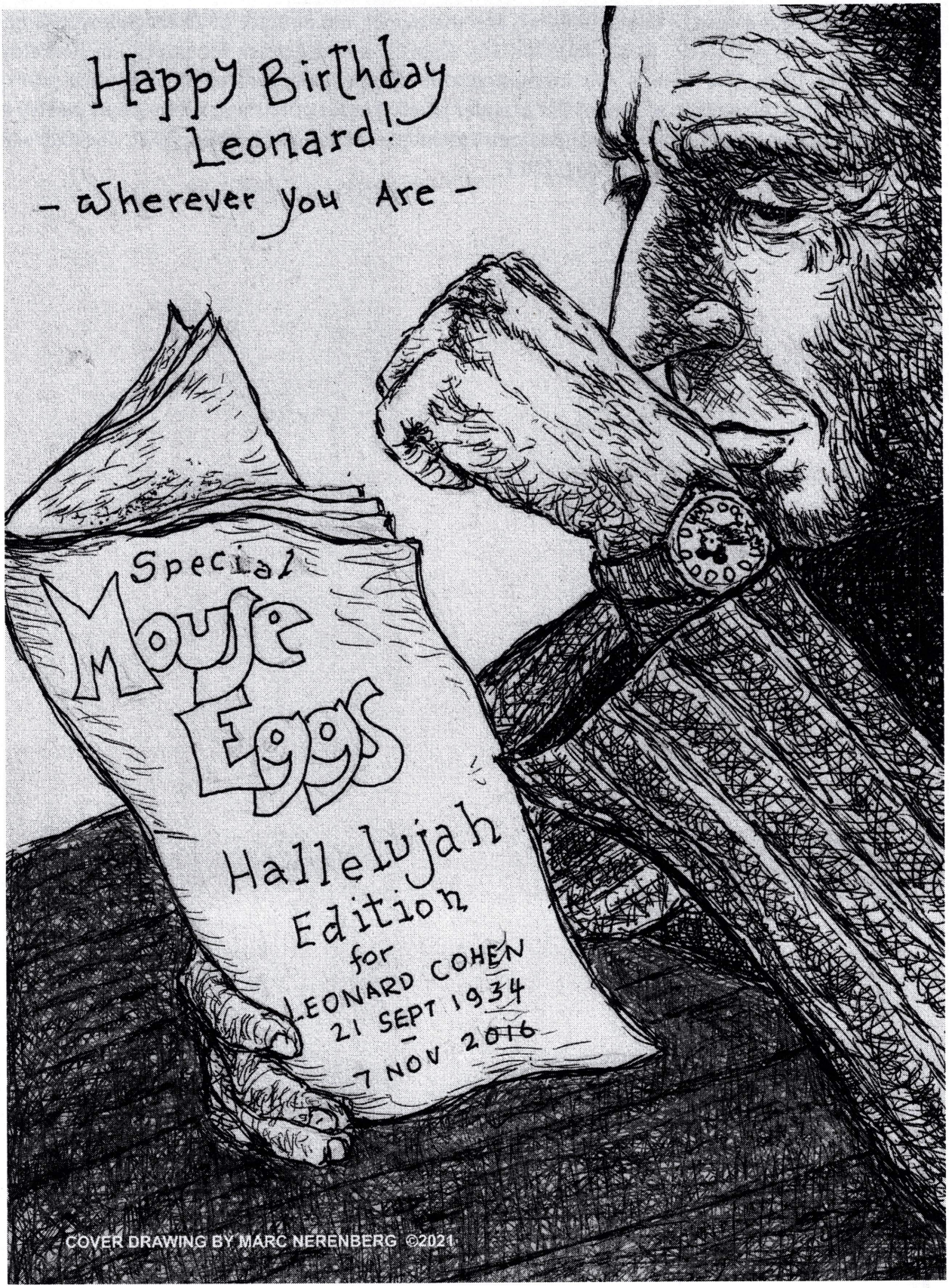
Ken Norris was born in New York City in 1951. He came to Canada in the early 1970s, to escape Nixon-era America and to pursue his graduate education. He completed an M.A. at Concordia University and a Ph.D. in Canadian Literature at McGill University. He became a Canadian citizen in 1985. For thirty-three years he taught Canadian Literature and Creative Writing at the University of Maine. He currently resides in Toronto

William O'Daly has translated eight books of the late-career and posthumous poetry of Chilean Nobel laureate Pablo Neruda and most recently Neruda's first volume, Book of Twilight, a finalist for the 2018 Northern California Book Award in Translation. O'Daly's chapbooks of poems include The Whale in the Web, The Road to Isla Negra, Water Ways (a collaboration with JS Graustein), and Yarrow and Smoke. A National Endowment for the Arts Fellow, he was a finalist for the 2006 Quill Award in Poetry and in September 2021 received the American Literary Award from the bilingual Korean–American journal Miju Poetry and Poetics. He has received national and regional honors for literary editing and instructional design and served on the national board of Poets Against War. Currently, he is Lead Writer for the California Water Plan, the state's strategic plan for sustainably and equitably managing water resources.

Carolyn Marie Souaid is the author of eight poetry books and an award-winning novel. She has performed at festivals and literary events in Canada and abroad, and her work has been featured on CBC Radio and in a variety of national and international publications. Her controversial videopoem, Blood is Blood (with Endre Farkas), won a top prize at the 2012 Zebra International Poetry Film Festival in Berlin. Other books have been shortlisted for the Pat Lowther Memorial Award and the QWF's A.M. Klein Prize for Poetry. Carolyn has been guest faculty in creative writing at Bishop's University.

Gillian Sze is the author of multiple poetry books, including *Peeling Rambutan*, *Redrafting Winter* and *Panicle*, which were finalists for the QWF's A.M. Klein Prize for Poetry. Since becoming a mother, Gillian has started writing picture books, including *The Night Is Deep and Wide* (ill. Sue Todd) and *My Love for You Is* Always (ill. Michelle Lee). Her forthcoming collection of poems and essays, *Quiet Night Think*, explores the early shaping of a writer, the creative process, and motherhood, and will be published next spring with ECW Press. Originally from Winnipeg, Gillian now lives with her family in Montreal, where she teaches creative writing and literature. www.gilliansze.com

Geoffrey Young is a poet, a book publisher, and the owner and director of an art gallery in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Geoff founded The Figures, a small press for poetry, in Berkeley, California in 1975. The Figures was instrumental in the development of the language poetry movement; it is recognized as one of the premier small presses publishing avant-garde poetry in the United States. Geoff's own published poetry includes—*Habit*, 2021.*Dates*, 2021. *Dumbstruck,* 2013. *Times of India*, 2012. *Yesterday, 2011*.


Happy Birthday Leonard!
- Wherever you Are -
Special
Moue Eggs
Hallelujah Edition
for
LEONARD COHEN
21 SEPT 1934
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